Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtranger in the World,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happie Mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone mard are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part,
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choiſe,
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more (moſt welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as doe luſtie yong men feele,
When well appareld *Aprill* on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh Fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee:
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,

My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay.

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. He
ten, that the Shoo-maker ſhould meddle with his y
Tayler with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Penſill, an
with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons
are heere writ, and can neuer find what names the w
hath here writ (I muſt to the Learned) in good tim

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burn
One paine is leſned by anothers anguiſh:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate griefe, cures with an others languiſh
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will dye.
Romeo. Your Plantan leaſe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man
Shut vp in Priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you reade?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke
But I pray can you reade any thing you ſee?
Rom. I if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can reade.

He reades the Letter.

Signeur Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Cou*
and his beauteous ſiſters: the Lady widdow of Vtruu
Placentio, *and his louely Neeces:* Mercutio *and his bro*
tine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my*
Roſaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Coſen* Ty
and the liuely Helena.

A faire Aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?